

# A True Relation of the Life and death of Sir

Andrew Barton, a Pyrate and Rover on the Seas.

Tune is *Come follow my love.*



**W**hen Flora with her fragrant flowers,  
hidest the earth to crim and gay,  
And Neptune with her dainty showers,  
came to present the Month of May:  
King Henry would a hunting ride,  
over the River of Thames past be,  
Unto a Mountain top also,  
did walk some pleasure to set.  
Where forty Merchants he espied,  
with stee sail come towards him,  
Altho then no sooner were arriv'd,  
but on their knees did thus complain:  
An't please your Grace we cannot sell,  
to France no Cloyage to be sure,  
But Sir Andrew Barton makes us quail,  
and robs us of our Merchant ware.  
Next was the King, and turned him,  
said to his Lords of high degree,  
have I ne'r a Lord within my realm,  
daye fetch that Traytor unto me?  
To him reply'd Lord Charles Howard,  
I will my Rage with heart and hand,  
If it please you grant me leave, he said,  
I will perform what you command.  
To him then speak King Henry,  
I fear, my Lord you are too young,  
to whit at all my Rage, quoth he,  
I hope to prove in Blatour strong:  
The Scottish Knight I vow to seek,  
in what place soever he be,  
And bring a Hoze with all his might,  
or into Scotland he shall carry me.  
A hundred men the King then said,  
out of my Realm shall chosen be,  
Besides Souldiers and Ship-boys,  
to guide a great Ship on the Sea,  
Bow-men and Gunners of good skill,  
shall for this service chosen be,  
And every at thy command and will,  
all affairs shall wait on thee.  
Lord Howard call'd a Gunner then,  
who was the best in all the Realm,  
his age was threescore years and ten,  
and Peter Simon was his name:  
My Lord call'd then a Bow-man rare,  
whose active hands had gained fame;  
A Gentleman born in York-shire,  
and William Horsely was his name:  
Horsely (quoth he) I must to Sea,  
to seek a Traytor with good speed,  
Of a hundred Bow-men have, quoth he,  
I have chosen thee to be the head.  
If you, my Lord, have chosen me  
of a hundred men to be the head,

Upon the main Mast I'll hanged be,  
if I shal becoze I miss one Killings head.  
Lord Howard then of Courage bold,  
went to the Sea with pleasant cheer,  
Not curb'd with winter's piercing cold,  
though it was the stormy time of year,  
Not long he had been on the Sea,  
no more in days than number thre,  
But one Henry Hunt there he espied,  
a Merchant of New-Castle was he,  
To him Lord Howard call'd out again,  
and stricktly charged him to stand,  
Demanding then from whence he came,  
or where he did intend to land:  
The Merchant then made answer soon,  
with heavy heart and careful mind,  
My Lord, my Ship is both belong  
unto New-castle upon Tyne,  
Canst thou shew me, the Lord did say,  
as thou didst sail by day and night,  
A Scottish Rover on the Sea,  
his name is Andrew Barton Knight:  
Then the Merchant sigh'd and said,  
with griefed mind and well away,  
But over well I know that wight,  
I was his Prisoner yesterday:  
As I (my Lord, did sail from France,  
a Bordeaux Cloyage to take to sea,  
I met with Sir Andrew Barton thence,  
who robd' me of my Merchant ware.  
And mickle debts God knows I owe,  
and every Man doth creebe his own,  
And I am bound to London now,  
of our glorious King to beg a boon.  
Shew me him, said Lord Howard then,  
let me once the Gillion see,  
And every penny he hath from thee and,  
I'll double the same with Killings thre.  
Now God forbid, the Merchant said,  
I fear your aim that you will miss.  
God bless you from his Tyranny,  
for little you think what man he is:  
He is brave within and steel without,  
his Ship most huge and mighty strong,  
With eighteen pieces of Ordnance,  
he carteth on each side along:  
With Beams for his Top-Castle,  
as also being huge and high,  
That neither English nor Portugal,  
can Sir Andrew Barton pass by:  
Hard news thou shew'st, then said the Lord,  
to welcome Strangers to the Sea,  
But as I said I'll bring him aboard,  
or into Scotland he shall carry me.  
The Merchant said if you will do so,  
take counsel then I pray with that,  
Let no man to his Top-Castle go,  
nor strive to let his Beams down fall.  
Lend me seven pieces of Ordnance then,  
of each size of my Ship, said he,  
And to me more, my Lord,  
again I will your honour see.  
A Glass I'll set as may be seen,  
whether you sail by day or night,  
And to morrow before before seven,  
you shall see Sir Andrew Barton Knight.

The Merchant set my Lord a Clasp,  
 So well apparent in his sight,  
 That on the morrow, as his promise was,  
 he saw Sir Andrew Barton Knight.  
 The Lord then swope a mighty oath,  
 now by the Hoagings that he of might,  
 By faith believeth, and by Troth,  
 I think he is a worthy Knight.  
 Sir Andrew Barton seeing him,  
 thus scornfully to pass by,  
 As though he cared not a pin,  
 for him and all his Company.  
 Then called he his men again,  
 fetch back yon Peeler, now quoth he,  
 And e'er this way he comes again,  
 I'll teach him well his Courtesie.  
 Fetch me my Aron out of hand,  
 saith the Lord, with rose & Acramer high,  
 Set up withal a Whifflo wand,  
 that Merchant like I may pass by.  
 This bravely did Lord Howard pass,  
 and on Arnebor rise so high;  
 So Top-sail at last he cast,  
 but as a For did him deke.  
 A piece of Ordnance soon was shot  
 by this proud Pirate fiercely then.  
 Into Lord Howards middle Deck,  
 which cruel shot kill'd fourteen men.  
 He called then Peter Simon, he,  
 look how thy word do stand in dead,  
 For thou shalt be hanged on Pain-mast,  
 if thou mis'st 12 Score one penny breadch.  
 Then Peter Simon gave a shot,  
 which did Sir Andrew mickle feare,  
 In at his Deck it came so hot,  
 kill'd sixteen of his men at War.  
 Alas, then said the Pirate stout,  
 I am in danger now I see.  
 This is some Lord I greatly fear,  
 that is set on to Conquer me.  
 Then Henry Hunt with rigour hot,  
 came bravely on the other side,  
 Who likewise shot in at his Deck,  
 and killed fifty of his men beside.  
 Then out alas, Sir Andrew cry'd,  
 what way a man now think or say,  
 yon Merchant Thiel that pierced me,  
 he was my Prisoner yesterday.  
 Then d'd he on Godian call,  
 unto Top-Castle for to go,  
 And bid his Beams he should let fall.  
 for I greatly fear an overthrow.  
 The Lord call'd Horsely now in haste,  
 look that thy word now stand in dead;  
 for thou shalt be hanged on Pain-mast,  
 if thou mis'st 12 Score a shillings breadch.  
 Then up mast tree clambered he,  
 this stout and mighty Godian,  
 But Horsely he most happily,  
 shot him under the Collar Bone.  
 Then call'd he on his Depheer then,  
 said, Sisters Sons I have no mo,  
 Three hundred pound I will give thee,  
 if thou wilt to Top-Castle go.  
 Then stoutly he began to climb,  
 from off the Mast scorn'd to depart.  
 But Horsely soon prevented him,  
 and deadly pierc'd him to the heart.  
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His men being slain, then up again,  
 in this proud Pirate climb with speed 371  
 for Armour of proof he had put on,  
 and did not bint of Arrows dread.  
 Come higher Horsely, said the Lord,  
 see thou thy Arrows aim aright,  
 Great means to thee I will afford,  
 and if thou speed'st I'll make thee a Knight.  
 Sir Andrew did climb up the tree,  
 with right good will and all his main,  
 Then upon the Breast hit Horsely he,  
 till the Arrow did return again.  
 Then Horsely spyed a private place,  
 with a perfect eye in a secret part,  
 his Arrow swiftly flew a pace,  
 and smote Sir Andrew to the heart.  
 Fight on, fight on, my merry men all,  
 a little I am hurt, yet not slain;  
 I'll but lye down and bleed a while,  
 and come and fight with you again.  
 And do not, said he, fear English Rogues,  
 and of your Foers stand not in awe,  
 But stand fast by Sir Andrews Crois,  
 until you hear my whistle blow.  
 They never heard his Whistle blow,  
 which made them all full sore afraid,  
 Then Horsely said, my Lord aboard,  
 for now Sir Andrew Barton's dead,  
 Thus Boarded they this Gallant Ship,  
 with right good will and all their main,  
 Eighteen Score Scots alive in it,  
 besides as many more was slain.  
 The Lord went where Sir Andrew lay,  
 and quickly thence cut off his head.  
 I should forsake England many a day,  
 if thou wert alive as thou art dead:  
 Thus from the Wars Lord Howard came,  
 with mickle joy and triumphing,  
 The Pirates head he brought along,  
 for to present unto our King.  
 Who shortly then to him did say,  
 before he knew well what was done,  
 Where is the Knight and Pirate gay,  
 that I myself may give the Doom.  
 You may thank God, then said the Lord,  
 and four men in the Ship quoth he,  
 That we are safely come ashore,  
 Altho you never had such an Enemy.  
 That is Henry Hunt, and Peter Simon,  
 William Horsely and Peters Son;  
 Therefore reward them for their pains,  
 for they did serve at their turn.  
 So the Merchant then the King did say,  
 in lieu of what he hath from thee slain,  
 I give to thee a Noble a day,  
 Sir Andrews Whistle and his Chain.  
 To Peter Simon a Crown day,  
 and half a Crown a day to Peters Son,  
 And that was for a shot to gay,  
 which bravely brought Sir Andrew down.  
 Horsely I will make thee a Knight,  
 and in York-shire thou shalt dwell:  
 Lord Howard shall Carl Bury hight,  
 for this Title he deserved well.  
 Seven Shillings to our English men,  
 who in this fight did stoutly stand,  
 And 12 pence a day to the Scots, till they  
 come to my Brother Kings high Land.